The Stars and Stripes

The official publication of the American Expeditionary Forces; authorized by the Commander-in-Chief, A.E.F.

Written, edited and published every week by and for the soldiers of the A.E.F., all profits to accrue to subscribers' company funds.

Entered as second class matter at United States Army Post Office, Paris, France.

Guy T. Viskniskki, Capt., Inf., Officer in Charge.

Advertising Director for the United States and Canada: A. W. Erickson, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

General Advertising Agents for Great Britain: The Dorland Agency Ltd., 16 Regent Street, London, S.W.1.

Fifty centimes a copy. Subscription price to soldiers, 8 francs for six months; to civilians, 10 francs for six months. Local French paper money not accepted in payment. In England, to soldiers, 6s. 6d. for six months; to civilians, 8s. Civilian subscriptions from the United States $2 for six months. Advertising rates on application.

THE STARS AND STRIPES, G2,A.E.F.,1Rue des Italiens, Paris, France. Telephone, Gutenberg 12.95. London Office, Goring Hotel, London, S.W.1.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1918.

THE MARNE

Four years ago today—the morning of September 6, 1914—French observers, watching from a vantage point at the eastern end of the battle line, caught in the focus of their field glasses the little tragi-comic figure of Wilhelm II, the German Emperor. He was gorgeous in the milk-white uniform, the brilliant trappings and the silver helmet of the White Cuirassiers, while behind him was massed a detachment of those troops, all ready as escort for his triumphant entry into Nancy.

But that night he went back to Metz, for already news had come that 120 miles to the west, the French, the derided outnumbered French—had struck, struck with an army the Germans did not know existed, struck and so started that chain of operations which, within five days, sent the invading army in full disorderly retreat to the north. The battle of the Marne was won.

It was one of those victories that have transformed human history. Not Marathon, when Miltiades threw back from Greece the Asian horde, not Poitiers, when Charles Martel saved Christendom from Islam, was more fraught with significance in the life of man. Those who, from anxious Paris and London or even from sheltered homes 10,000 miles away, beheld the tide of the sudden, monstrous invasion, felt at the time like one who has been swiftly and hideously shoved to the very edge of a precipice, shoved so close that one foot had gone over and the loose rock began to crumble. Only now, when the nightmare has passed, do our minds dare contemplate the horror unspeakable of the abyss we then escaped. Only now and now only dimly do we realize what it would have meant to the world and all that is dear within it, had Germany won the Battle of the Marne.

But France won. She was most gallantly aided by the little army England had rushed to her side, but for the most part they were French hearts which stemmed that invasion. It was French genius which matched French courage against numbers overwhelmingly superior and French genius, which, with lightning swiftness, seized the brief advantage offered by the blunder that the overconfident Germans made—seized it, and, by a hair's breadth, won the Battle of the Marne.

When the great day comes and we are all together at the end of the final battle, may we all remember that a no less decisive battle was fought in September, 1914, that Germany was met first and first defeated by France.

SOLDIER AND GENTLEMAN

When G.H.Q. last winter wrestled with the problem of providing necessary periodical vacations for an army of several hundred thousand young men several thousand miles from home, and finally decided that a week every fourth month at a first class French watering place with hotel bills paid and no military restrictions would be about right, it may have caused some misgivings. But, if it did, they don't exist any more.

The Americans have been guests this summer at one of France's most exclusive resorts. Not only have they been tolerated by the genteel civilian guest, but they have been accepted, almost acclaimed, by him. The leave center has been a success all around. If it was ever listed as an experiment, it has been checked off as a successful one. The Yank, from the genus buck up, has proved himself able to put the small of his back in the seat of a chair and dribble his feet over the porch railings with the best of 'em.

And, after all, it isn't surprising. The American Army consists of average Americans, and the average American is a gentleman.

IN THE CRUCIAL HOUR

It is good to be able to see the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 26th, 28th, 32nd and 42nd Divisions called that in print, to see them cited in a general order by their first names, shorn for a glorious instant of the anonymity which is one move in the game of beating the Kaiser.

"You came to the battlefield at the crucial hour of the Allied cause." And it may now be told how one regiment from among those eight divisions came to the battlefield.

They reached it from a quieter sector 125 miles away after five days and nights—a forced march if there ever was one. The Germans were pouring down towards the Marne. At that particular moment, in that particular spot in the whole confusion of the ruptured line, the order was for retreat.

"Retreat, hell," said the colonel, "I just got here."

THE HINDENBURG LINE

In April of last year, the German forces in the west, their position rendered unwieldy and precarious by the awkward dent knocked into their line in the battle of the Somme in the latter half of the preceding year, retired to a prepared position well to the rear. That position was the so-called Hindenburg line.

Never had an army's defense system been so amply press-agented. The idea developed, grew and spread—and Germany asked nothing better—that the Hindenburg line was a bastion so formidable that it could not be breached; that the war, however it was to end, would have to end on that line.

Yet by the end of last year the British had already forced the enemy to abandon the northern end of that line and fall back on the Drocourt-Quéant switch, and the French, by their conquest of the Chemin des Dames, had reduced the security of the whole southern end of the position.

The Hindenburg line, once more in the war news, is the same line as before, but with its prestige badly damaged.

Already it has been breached, and the victorious British arms are still going triumphantly forward.

Its very name is for a thing of ill omen. Last year Hindenburg's was a name to conjure with; today he has apparently fallen so definitely and completely from grace in the high places of Germany that the world fails to grow unusually excited over the persistent rumors of his death.

Hindenburg and his line are no longer the redoubtable things we used to think they were—and even then they were not so redoubtable as all that.

THE MARSHAL'S PRAISE

When they formally presented the Commander-in-Chief of the Allied forces with the baton of the Marshal of France, he made his first speech since the war began, and his words were all for the soldiers who had been fighting under him. Admirable soldiers, he called the men of the Yankee divisions who had put their shoulders to the shove of the great counter-offensive. He could make only one criticism—they pushed on too far. He had to hold them back. What higher compliment, the Marshal asked, could troops be paid?

"Ils ne demandent quà marcher de l'avant et à tuer le plus possible d'ennemis."

When the last transport sets sail for home, and Marshal Foch stands on the shore waving its happy cargo Godspeed, may he be able to say just that of all the American Army:

"They asked only to go forward and to kill the greatest possible number of the enemy."

THE NEW U.S.A.

If an American arrived in the United States about now from somewhere, say, in the Arctic circle where they haven't heard about the war, he would undoubtedly open his mouth in astonishment and say something about as follows:

"It looks kind of familiar. They speak the same language. But this isn't the United States. The captain of the ship made some mistake."

Assuming, even, that one of us with a service stripe or two arrived back in the United States (yes, we're awake), we would get something of a jolt. The United States has changed a lot in the last year, more, probably that it ever changed in any decade of its existence.

The Government is running the railroads, the telegraph lines, the ships, and controlling dozens of other lesser industries; the production of automobiles, pianos and many other things has been reduced to make munitions; every man between 21 and 45 is engaged in some productive occupation termed useful; they are eating war bread and can't buy a 50 pound sack of flour without buying also 50 pounds of flour substitutes; they are collecting income tax on salaries that 90 per cent of us, probably, used to draw; there are no hoboes; manual labor has become dignified and patriotic, and—almost one and a half per cent of the most lively generation has left the country.

It's a busy United States now, a war making United States, a new United States, and it's a certain bet that the old home town, whatever and wherever it is, isn't "the same old place it used to be."

ACHIEVEMENT

You have read how two Engineer companies put up two big warehouses in just eight and a half working hours.

You have read how a detachment of Railway Engineers laid 2.69 miles of narrow gauge rail in seven hours and three minutes.

Both of these stories were sent to us unsolicited by eye witnesses who were proud of the achievements and believed that the rest of the Army shared that pride and ought to know about the incidents. They were not picked up by some one looking for copy for fear that everybody except the man with the gun was getting sulky because no one was noticing him.

We are out for more stories like those two—stories of men anywhere and everywhere in the A.E.F. who are doing big things—like the stevedores who set a new flour unloading record at a certain base port the other day.

If you hear of them, let us know. If you're one of the men who do them, don't let false modesty stand in your way. The kind of pride that makes a whole group of men pepful, be that group a squad, company, division or whole army, is not the kind of pride that goeth before a fall.

It is the kind of pride that goeth before a Hohenzollern fall.

CREDIT AND RESULTS

A young red-headed Irish private was emerging from a front-line dugout with the other members of his squad. As the last man came into the open, a German-thrown grenade fell only a few feet away. Without a second's hesitation the young private jumped forward, put his foot on the grenade and saved the remainder of the squad, although one of his legs was blown off and he suffered other injuries which resulted in his death two days later.

Back at the field hospital, when he was asked how it happened, he answered simply, "They got me with a grenade." He made no mention of having saved seven lives at the loss of his own. He claimed no credit. With him it was merely a matter of results—of having accomplished what he set out to accomplish, regardless of anything else.

This young American private's example should stand as an emblem of the war—which is not a matter of who may get any credit out of it, but purely a matter of results.

Beating Germany is all that counts.

The Army's Poets

POPPIES

Poppies in the wheat fields on the pleasant hills of France,
Reddening in the summer breeze that bids them nod and dance;
Over them the skylark sings his lilting, liquid tune—
Poppies in the wheat fields, and all the world in June.

Poppies in the wheat fields on the road to Monthiers—
Hark, the spiteful rattle where the masked machine guns play!
Over them the shrapnel's song greets the summer morn—
Poppies in the wheat fields—but, ah, the fields are torn.

See the stalwart Yankee lads, never ones to blench,
Poppies in their helmets as they clear the shallow trench,
Leaping down the furrows with eager, boyish tread
Through the poppied wheat fields to the flaming woods ahead.

Poppies in the wheat fields as sinks the summer sun,
Broken, bruised and trampled—but the bitter day is won;
Yonder in the woodland where the flashing rifles shine,
With their poppies in their helmets, the front files hold the line.

Poppies in the wheat fields: how still beside them lie
Scattered forms that stir not when the star shells burst on high;
Gently bending o'er them beneath the moon's soft glance,
Poppies of the wheat fields on the ransomed hills of France.

John Mills Hanson, Capt., F.A.

THE WOMEN OF FRANCE

Who is it has slandered the women of France,
Calling them every one cocotte,
Saying they lived for license, romance?
He who has known them not;
Who never has sounded the peasant's heart,
Nor those who live in the higher part,
The souls that are noble, the lives that are art—
The wonderful women of France.

These modern Spartans by stern toil worn,
Back of the men who face the grave:
The men out there by these women borne—
And these women more than the men are brave.
The sons of these mothers at Verdun stood—
Can decadent women such men brood?
Nay, only the holy, steadfast, good—
The marvelous mothers of France.

Who is it has slandered the women of France?
He who looks for the lower kind.
Who only for fallen has room in his glance—
"As ye seek, so shall ye find."

J. D. G., C.A.C.

REQUIEM

(An American soldier meditating at the grave of his fallen comrade.)

Goodbye, pal; I don't know where you're camping now;
Whether you've pitched your tent 'neath azure skies,
Or whether o'er your head bleak storm winds blow.
I only know
That when they sounded final taps for you
Something within my heart died, too.

Goodbye, pal; your body sleeps here 'neath the sod,
Your soul, I trow, reached up to God.
I can not know the greenwood lane
That leads unto the Vale Beyond—not yet,
But love may ne'er forget;
So here, close by this cross,
That marks your final blighty,
My solitary bunk I'll make,
And in the solemn quietude of night,
As if your spirit, borne on angel wings,
Had come to me again from distant shadow lands,
I'll talk to you of old, familiar things,
And dream you're at my side,
Returned from travels wide.

Ah, pal, if I could join you in your shadow land,
If I could greet you in the Vale Beyond,
And lend a brother's hand,
And help you climb up to the Golden Gate;
Feign would I sound for me a lone retreat,
And build my dugout close by, nigh to yours—
Save that I even now can hear you plead,
"Advance! Advance! And carry on
What we, that have gone west, have left undone."
And so I'll carry on for me, for you—
I'll plug for two,
And when will dawn the day of days,
When all will triumph that is good and true,
And peace on earth will reign forevermore,
I reckon then'll be done my target score,
And one still morn I'll miss my reveille,
And in the record books they'll write:
He's one of those that bled for liberty,
And now has gone into the realm of light
To join his lonely pal.

Ah, pal, it won't be long you'll lonely be,
It won't be long before I come to you—
I hear the bugles blow,
See them fall in, row on row,
Ready for the victor charge,
It won't be long before I come to you—
My place is in the front rank now,
And I am going to plug for two—for two.

Era Guido, F.A.

THE CUCKOOS

The cuckoos are a busy crew,
They love to keep me busy, too;
They ramble up and down my back,
And use my neck for a race track.

They bite me on the arms and chest,
And in my shirt they make a nest.
They dig their trenches strong and stout,
And it takes many baths to drive them out.

I hunt all through my underwear,
And from my mouth comes forth a prayer!
Oh, how I wish they would only cease,
And once more let me sleep in peace.

Fighting Germans is what I crave,
But fighting cuckoos makes me rave.
I'll swat them till I find a Boche,
And plant them in his shirt, by gosh!

Sgt. John J. Curtin, Inf.

A SOLDIER'S VISION

There's a little girl I'm loving in the land across the sea,
Through the softness of the twilight she comes creeping close to me.
I can almost feel her handclasp, I can see her tender eyes,
As they glow across the darkness with a light that never dies.

Oh, a hard day lies behind me—there's a bitter dawn ahead;
There's a man next door who's moaning, and my buddie mate lies dead;
But she's coming through the shadows, and her glance is misty bright,
And I know her love is near me through the horror of the night.

Yes—she gave me to our country, though she might have made me stay.
How she kissed me, smiling bravely, as she brushed the tears away!
And her voice rings past the moaning, past the battle raging near,
And she says, "Be true and fearless, just because I love you, dear."

There's a little girl, she's waiting in the land across the foam,
And I know that she is praying that with honor I'll come home;
And I make myself a promise that I'll justify her plan—
The ideal that she sets me of a soldier and a man!

Pvt. Fred Peterson,
Trench Mortar Battery.

LINES ON LEAVING A LITTLE TOWN WHERE WE RESTED

We with the war ahead,
You who have held the line,
Laughing, have broken bread
And taken wine.

We cannot speak your tongue,
We cannot fully know
Things hid beneath your smile
Four years ago.

Things which have given us,
Grimly, a common debt,
Now that we take the field
We won't forget!

Corp. Russell Lord, F.A.

VETERANS OF THE MARNE

ALL STARS ET AL.

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:—

Your recent editorials against commercialized sport between able bodied Americans at home and the doing away of THE STARS AND STRIPES sport page at this time not only met with the approval of every soldier in the A. E. F. but also with that of all fair-minded and red-blooded Americans.

However, there still seem to be a certain element who are unaware of the fact that the biggest game of 'em all is going on right here. Those I have reference to are none other than the people who are interested in the much heralded "All-Star" baseball team that is planning to come over here to meet an aggregation picked from the A.E.F.

Any move of this sort should certainly be discouraged. The Americans on this side have only one thought—that of beating the Hun. As a recreation pastime the soldiers can well arrange their own games, a move that ought to allow every true young American, physically fit, to enter the service and make the long journey across the pond wearing the uniform of a United States soldier.

Let those young men who intend to make this trip for the purpose of playing baseball enlist and they will gain much more favor with the soldiers in the A.E.F. than they ever will by trying to arrange a series of ball games. The men who are about to make this trip have long entertained the people at home on the open-air lot, in return for which they received big money. Thousands paid to see them play. But this is no time for them here. They are all young healthy men, in the prime of life. All of them would be of much more value to their country throwing hand grenades or firing guns than wielding a baseball bat.

Once they realize that the A.E.F. wants only fighting men, who are willing to risk life and limb for the sake of liberty and humanity, the better it will be for all concerned. Sport writers like Grantland Rice, physicians, clerks and office men, not near as healthy as baseball players, are in the service over here. Nearly two million of them are in Europe.

No, kind readers, there's no room for ball players or any one else of military bearing over here, except those who are here for the purpose of wearing a United States uniform, be he baseball player or not.

1st Sgt. Harry Lewis, — Ambulance Co.,
Former Sporting Editor "Atlanta Georgian."

GIVE HIM THE WATCH

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:—

It is not very often that we desire or endeavor to promote our own prestige. However, for some time articles have appeared in the press as to who holds the grenade tossing record in France.

We hold that in our midst we have the champion grenade thrower of the world. Not only for distance but for accuracy does he excel. Our representative has been tried in battle. Holds a divisional citation, and has been known to heave a grenade from his own front line trench and knock out a machine gun 60 yards away in No Man's Land.

His throws are accurate at 75 yards. He potted several machine guns in the big drive of July 18. Accuracy must be combined with distance in knocking out machine gun nests. Give him two grenades and a 45 automatic pistol and he would start for Berlin. His greatest accurate distance attained is 252 feet.

We hold that Corporal Louis Kowaski of B Company, — Inf., is the best grenadier in France. At present he is in the hospital suffering from a wound received in the big Allied drive.

Lt. Chas. E. Butler, Co. B, — Inf.

"OFFICER'S MAIL"

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:—

Attention is invited to the form of censoring envelopes. Anything that you can do unofficially, through THE STARS AND STRIPES, to prevent all of this unnecessary detail going on the face of an envelope would be much appreciated by a host of officers in the A.E.F.

Please notice the following points: Upper right hand corner are the words "Officer's Mail"; upper left hand corner the officer's name, rank and address; lower left hand corner the officer's name, rank and address. It will be noted that the detail in the upper left hand corner is pure repetition of the lower left hand corner. The words "Officer's Mail" are unnecessary because the rank of the officer indicates that it is officer's mail, accordingly, it is suggested that the data given in the lower left hand corner is sufficient, and, as a matter of fact, nine out of every ten officers in France censor their mail that way. But no two censors demand the same method of censoring letters.

Busy Officer.

[The words "Officer's Mail" in the upper right hand corner are no longer necessary. It is a slight convenience to postal clerks, and there is no objection to its being used. The name and address in the upper left hand corner are required of everyone, but may be put in by rubber stamp. The signature in the lower left hand corner is the countersign, the officer's guarantee that the contents of the letter is O. K. This, of course, must be written by hand. The above rules are the ones to be followed on envelopes containing officers' mail. There are no other rules, and there is no other way to do it.—Editor.]

"PLEASE COME OUT"

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:—

The following sentences were found written in a book belonging to a German machine gunner who quit his gunning up along the Marne a couple or three weeks ago. They were in English and German:

Hands up.
Who go there?
Show me the maxims.
Show me the next shelter.
Make up.
Make haste.
Quickly.
Soldiers come out.
Don't move or you are a d(e)ad man.
Please come out.

Now if you can imagine a Boche coming to the entrance of your dugout with a cute little "Kamerad" grenade and a polite "Please come out," you are welcome to it.

Sgt. Sam Cole, — Engrs.

A COOTIE CURE

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:—

I have noticed many suggestions in your columns on how to tame or temporarily exterminate his majesty the cootie.

Some of these suggested methods require the use of hand grenades and other high explosives which could be used to better advantage against the Crown Boy and his gang.

If the sufferers from cooties will rub their clothes full of salt and allow it to remain there for about two days, they will be surprised at the results, if the clothes are then laid beside a basin of water or a creek.

The cooties will leave the clothes to get a drink and the soldier can then grab his O.D.'s and run.

Upon returning and finding the clothes gone, nine out of ten of them will die of mortification and the tenth will die of lonesomeness.

Sgt. M. C. Borland,
Co. K, — Inf.

[Sgt. Gasser, — Aero Sqdn., has this same idea. Between the two of you, one is almost tempted to believe there's something in it.—Editor.]

A JOKE ON SOMEBODY

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:—

Here is a little joke I wish you would publish for me. It would be a good laugh. I am supposed to be a deserter from the United States Army, but I have been serving with the Army for 11 years now. They have lost all record of me. My company left me at Camp Merritt while I was in the hospital and when I came out my company had gone to France, and they put me in a casual company, and lost all of my papers. They dropped me as a deserter on January 14, 1918.

I guess all the police in the United States are looking for me, but they will have a hard look to find me. I sailed for France January 29, 1918. I have been in France seven months now.

Vincent J. Ford,
Bugler, G.H.Q. Band.

ANOTHER SLOGAN

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:—

Allow me to suggest what, in my opinion, is a better slogan than "going over the top." How would "going Hun hunting" sound?

Pvt. Leo J. Monckton,
—In Aero Squadron.

LIAISON

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:—

I want to say to you and your staff that your paper brings weekly joy and pleasure to a wide class of readers in the Allied armies.

My work has been with French, British, Italian and Polish troops. There are thousands of Americans among them and it is my experience that they all read THE STARS AND STRIPES. In fact, to these Americans it is their only method of keeping in touch with America and her Army.

It is a common sight to see one reading it aloud to a group of a dozen or more. Each issue received is actually worn out by constant handling. Some of these men have seen over four years' service under foreign flags, but they are loyal Americans still and take the deepest and keenest interest in the views expressed in THE STARS AND STRIPES. Through them you are keeping an ever growing number of Allied soldiers in close touch with the efforts of the American Army.

I have had considerable newspaper experience, and next to warfare it is the most difficult job on earth. So the many sincere compliments you have received, I most cordially add mine.

Frank O. Smith,
Directeur du Foyer du Soldat, ——.

FOR MONKEY MEAT

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:—

Noticing in our well-managed and highly-appreciated paper some time ago a recipe for serving monkey meat, I submit the following for your approval, disapproval or disgust:

Take your monkey meat in hand, shake well to prepare the enclosed animal for dire and dreadful proceeding, set down the can (not yourself, most men of the balloon section never regard that command anyway). Then, go to the genial, kind-hearted mess sergeant, one of which is found in every outfit (some places), and hit him for the following (if not of the obliging kind, something very rare in France, execute aforesaid action with a club, preferably the ace):

1 hunk of butter (oleo).
Salt.
1 can pepper.
1 teacup cinnamon.
Flour.
3 feet bacon rine (very plentiful).
2 dippers ashes (wood).
6 drops of milk (can). That's about all you see, anyway.

Undress M.M., discard tin kimono, mix above ingredients, with M.M. stirring in ashes first so as to keep from slipping through your fingers, stir for 47½ minutes vigorously, put in wash pan, insert same in oven, and bake for 1 hour 9 minutes 32 seconds; remove from oven and place in cool spot. Then gather your old bunch together and ask the atmosphere pusher to sound garbage call (sometimes called by mistake mess call).

Form men in double rank just aft of the slop can. Bring forth with a haughty air the delicate concoction, supposed to have originated in your own fertile brain, and with your best "My, but he sure does look natural" smile, unload your pan of its contents directly into the can.

Men of the A.E.F. who have had the pleasure of seeing M.M. cooked and served in this fashion indorse it most heartily and recommend that the Grease Kings continue the motion.

Pvt. J. C. Lewis,
— Balloon Company.

THE GIFT EDITION

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:—

The gift edition for American wounded of THE STARS AND STRIPES reached this hospital this morning and the contents were read and re-read many times by the boys here who have been victims of the Hun.

Reading material has been rather scarce here, owing to the fact that this hospital has been in operation only for a short time and neither the Y.M.C.A. nor the Red Cross has been established here. The only reading matter we get is what the Y man from a neighboring camp brings in to us, so one can imagine how we enjoyed THE STARS AND STRIPES.

I believe that I am speaking for all the patients here when I extend heartfelt thanks to the staff of THE STARS AND STRIPES, the American Red Cross and all the members of the A.E.F. who have helped to put this great paper in the hands of those who have fought and are eager to fight again for the symbol that our paper is named after, THE STARS AND STRIPES.

Pvt. Edward P. Fitzgerald,
Camp Hospital 29.